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CRITIC



PINKERTON ACADEMY

November, 1920

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The Pinkerton Critic

Vol. XII

DERRY, N. H., November, 1920.

No. 1

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Editorial

The Thanksgiving season has come again, bringing with it the usual round of activities and duties. Plans are being made for the winter ahead and the school is once more swinging into its accustomed routine of work.

Often at a season of this kind we do not pause on our busy way to consider what is the true meaning and worth of a period of thankfulness. As students in an educational institution of America, it is our duty to stop and try to realize just how many things we have to be grateful for.

First of all we can be thankful that our school has prospered in its undertaking and that the number of pupils, increasing with every passing year, is now much larger than ever before.

Thankfulness should be given for the

great opportunities open before the young people of the present day. Never before have there been so many openings for young people, especially for girls, as at the present. Social service, research work, professions and many other occupations invite girls to their ranks, in marked contrast to former days, when the only refuge for girls from the humdrum of farm or home life was in the mill or in teaching elementary schools.

There are increased opportunities for young men as well. Technical schools for boys lead often to experiences of interesting life in the unexplored regions of South America and other foreign lands, where the civil engineer is helping to open up the country for the advance of civilization.

When we read of the privations and

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sufferings of so many young people in the stricken countries of Europe, we are filled with thankfulness that our daily lives have not been touched and that we have the privilege of studying unchallenged by any oppressor. In truth, the experiences of the war have taught many of us to appreciate what before we had taken for granted.

* * *

The work may seem hard to those entering the Academy as Freshmen, but as the days go by and they become more accustomed to their new school life, they will appreciate more and more the opportunities which are theirs. The life of Mary Antin and the experiences of others who have come to our shores, eager to grasp the education so freely given to all who desire it, should serve to show the value of what we so often slight or even neglect, until the chance has passed us by.

The Merrimack River

The Merrimack River was a noted stream among the aborigines long before the appearance of the North men upon the sedgy shores of Old Vinland. Upon its banks rival tribes had for many generations contended for the supremacy. There was a legend among the Algonquins of the valley of the St. Lawrence to the effect that beyond the great carrying places ran a swift river, filled with fish, and forever guarded at its northern gateway by "an old man with a stone face," whose environments were grounds to them too sacred to be trod by warrior foot. Although many of the early explorers claimed to have seen this river, their descriptions are too vague to be accepted without a doubt. According to the practice of races without a written language, the Indians gave many names to this river. One of the oldest, and one

which has outlived the rest, is the Merrimack. It is derived from the words, "merru," meaning swift; "asquam," water; and "ack," place; that is, swift water place. In the pronunciation of this word, asquam is abbreviated to the sound of one letter m.

There is no doubt that the Indians were strongly attached to this river. Its waters afforded them good fishing-grounds and its wooded banks were retreats for the deer and other four-footed denizens of the woods. Thus this ground became the scene of many a battle by the Mohawks and the Abnakis, and by both against the more peaceful Penacooks. Just above the city of Concord the last-named were defeated. They left that country and moved to the smooth bluffs overlooking the Merrimack, within sight of Amoskeag Falls. From here, a few years later, their sachem, the noble Passaconaway, formed his seat of government at Pawtucket. Among the prominent leaders of his race he stands as one of nature's noblemen, and his influence upon his followers was helpful to the English. No one knew when he disappeared from action, though it was not until he had lived a hundred years. There is an old tradition that when he felt the end was near he went to Lake Massabesic, and, entering his frail canoe, drifted away, never to return. Passaconaway was succeeded by his son, who proved to be as worthy a leader as his father. After a few years the remnant of this tribe departed from the Merrimack.

Though a solitary red man, from time to time, returned to look at the scenes of his fathers, as late as 1750, without grievous license, years before this the poet could exclaim:

"By thy fair stream

The Red Man roams no more; no more
he snares

The artful trout, or lordly salmon's
spear;

No more his swift-winged arrow strikes the deer."

Seven years after the landing of the Pilgrims, the foremost of that race, which were to prove the conquerors of Passaconaway's people, settled in the Merrimack valley. Unlike the Indians, these people were men of education, talent, good standing, and came from some of the best families of England. They had received a charter from the king, which granted to them the land between the Merrimack and Charles rivers. At that time it was believed that the Merrimack came from the west, its entire course.

Among the immigrants that came to this country ten years later was a little company of farmers, smiths, carpenters and weavers. While the husbandmen busied themselves by clearing the land, the smiths and carpenters erected a mill, and here the weavers wove the first cotton cloth in the colonies. As the population increased, a demand came to explore the Merrimack River to its source. This, the first survey of the Merrimack River, was made by a man named Woodward, with four of his companions. They penetrated the trackless wilderness of the Merrimack Valley nearly as far as Lake Winnepesaukee. Upon this survey were based the calculations of the better known and more permanent work performed by a commission appointed by the Massachusetts courts in 1652. There is a doubt expressed as to whether the first commission really reached the headwaters of the Merrimack, as its bounds were only claimed to have been marked by a spotted tree. But as the second surveying party left a very substantial monument of their work, there can be no doubt as to the correctness of their survey.

At the forks of the Pemigewassett and Winnepesaukee rivers the commissioners were doubtful as to the true stream for them to follow. Upon referring the mat-

ter to the Indians, they were told that the real Merrimack was the easterly branch flowing from the "beautiful lakes of the highland." The westerly fork is none the less deserving of description and could rightly be considered as a part of the main river. Its source is a sheet of crystal water, high up in the White Hills. Running around natural barriers, strewn along its pathway by a prodigal hand, this stream pursues its course for several miles, when it is joined by another stream, which is also the outlet of a beautiful lake. Now one, they leap cascades, dash around boulders, loiter in cool retreats, receiving tributary after tributary, until it has increased in volume to such an extent that it is called a river. For forty miles it flows in a country wild and picturesque almost beyond description, when, at the foot of the famous Franconia Notch, it suddenly bursts into sunlight.

In its bewildering career the river leaps "Grand Falls," which has been called the most magnificent waterfall in New England; runs over that stupendous gorge known as the Flume, passes the Old Man of the Mountains and enters the Agassiz Basin, said by the red men to have been the bathing pool where the goddess of the mountains sought seclusion in the days when the gods wed with the daughters of men. This branch of the Merrimack, the Pemigewasset, passes through and drains, in part or all, over thirty towns. The Pemigewasset is joined just above Plymouth village by the historic stream known as Baker's River, so named in honor of Captain Thomas Baker, who first explored it. Near the junction of these streams many noteworthy historic deeds have taken place.

The eastern branch of the Merrimack, known by the name of the beautiful lake of the highlands which is its source, drains in part or entirely fifteen towns. It flows between Laconia and Gilford, forms Lake Winnisquam, cuts off a cor-

ner of Northfield and another of Tilton before losing its identity in uniting with its sister stream to form the true Merrimack. There are numerous rivers and streams which join the mighty waters of the Merrimack before the latter reaches the sea.

At the mouth of this great river is situated the small town of Newburyport. As noted as this village is for its coast scenery, one of its most prominent features is the sand-bar across the mouth of the river. A few adventurous home-seekers have built their house upon it, but as it is almost entirely free from tree or shrub, and the sands are continually drifting over it and fleeing away, as the snows of winter, it has not been found desirable. One shrub, the beach plum, which gives the name to the island, is able to survive, and in early autumn, crowds are attracted to the place, seeking its fruit, which is very good. The wind has blown the sands into many fantastic shapes, over which a specie of sea-moss grows and here and there the green of the beach pea conceals the gray sand. Although this island has been treated so meanly by nature, it has been fortunate in securing the admiration of Thoreau and Whittier.

As the Merrimack runs today, it is claimed that it drains a territory in New Hampshire and Massachusetts of nearly five thousand square miles and forms one of the most important river basins in the United States. It is also claimed that its waters turn more machinery than any other river in the world. The history of the Merrimack and its basin is divided into two periods—the period of pioneers and that of progress in manufacture. The first, which covered a period of fifty years, was full of incidents which would read more like romance than history. During these years the building of homes and clearing the wilderness for farms were the prevailing thoughts. They did not realize the power which was concealed in its rapids and waterfalls.

Four years after the invention of spinning wheels, steam power was first applied to manufacturing purposes. Many inventions followed and at last a system of factory enterprises changed the situation in the Merrimack valley and gave it a place in the industrial world, to which it rightfully belonged. As manufacturing towns and cities sprang up along the Merrimack, the people realized that their method of transportation must be improved. Turnpikes were built through the country, although these were an improvement over the poor roads; slow-going ox-teams were the main dependence for power of transit. Transportation thus became not only tedious but expensive. Samuel Blodget of Woburn conceived the purpose of making the river navigable as far as Concord. In order to do this, the falls had to be surmounted by canals. As the greatest fall was at Amoskeag, he began making a canal at that place first. When this was finished other canals were built, until the river was opened as far as Concord. In the midst of the growing business of both river and turnpike, a new motor of transportation came into existence. It was the "iron horse," and with the success of the railroad the manufacturing cities on the Merrimack continued with increasing popularity.

Besides being a manufacturing district, the Merrimack valley is a beautiful agricultural country, and some of the finest homesteads in New England have been developed from the clearings of the pioneers one hundred and fifty years ago.

Its scenery of hills and vales, lakes and mountains is equal to any found upon the slopes of the Appalachian mountains. George Waldo Browne says that "the constant song of its rushing current is the eternal melody of industry; the unending roar of its waterfalls the voice that calls men to work in thunder tones. It turns more factory wheels, lights more forge-fires, swings more hammers, keeps busy more hands of art and toll than any

other river that runs to the sea. The products of its looms have been sent to every clime; its cotton cloths and woolen goods have been the raiment of many races of men; its iron and steel the building material of city and country; its tools and machinery the strong helpers on farms and in workshops, at home and abroad; stout ships plow the watery highway of the deep laden with its commerce, while the triumphant whistle of the iron horse has awakened the solitude of far-distant lands."

Ruth Hall, '18.

"Have you had a kindness hown?"

Pass it on!

'Twas not given to you alone!

Pass it on!

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

'Till in heaven the deed appears.

Pass it on!"

This verse recalled to me the time when I was a freshman, scared nearly to death of everyone and not knowing where to go.

One day I got separated in some way from my classmates and I did not know which room to go to. At first I just stood in the hall, not daring to ask any of the Seniors who were going by, laughing and joking among themselves and perhaps once in a while looking indifferently at me and making some remark about "green freshmen."

Finally one of the girls, I think she was a Y. W. C. A. girl, came up to me and asked me if there wasn't something she could do for me. I was so grateful I could have cried. She graduated two years ago and the act in itself was very small, and she has probably forgotten all about it; but I have not.

People always remember a kindness shown them and it makes you yourself feel much better and more Christian-like to know that in the course of your day's work you have made one heart hap-

pier and made another friend, for kindnesses always do make friends for you.

When you see anyone lonely, don't wait for the other fellow to see that she is cheered up, but do it yourself.

Sometimes it may seem to you that your act isn't appreciated, but don't you believe it for one minute. Perhaps she doesn't say anything about it (she usually doesn't), but way down deep in that girl's heart she has a friendly, warm feeling for you which lasts through sun and shower.

Sometimes girls even give up their education because other girls won't be friendly and kind to them. Without friendship, school life is monotonous and dull, so naturally she wouldn't want to stay without it.

Now, wouldn't it be much better to be kind to her, because both you and she would benefit by it; and she's probably is just as nice as the other girls when you know her?

Be kind to everyone, not just to your special friends; and be kind to animals, too.

Have you ever seen that grateful look in a dog's eyes when you have been kind to him? The look is thanking you just as plainly as if he were speaking.

And if you do a kindness it will be returned to you, probably with interest, for "every seed brings forth after its kind." If you seek for the good in the world you will always find it, and if you hate and criticise you will be hated and criticised.

If you have a kindness shown you, pass it on today, for tomorrow you may not be here or the ones to whom you may do it may not be here.

I remember a fairy story I read once about a rajah's son taking a thorn out of a lion's foot, and the lion, to show his gratitude, gave him a stone, which he told him to rub on when he was in trouble. The rajah's son many times when he was in trouble rubbed the stone, and the lion would come to his aid.

It's just the same way in real life. If you have been kind to people they are always ready to help you in times of trouble when you call on them.

So, if you have had a kindness shown, pass it on, and do it today, while you can. Today is the best time to do a thing, for "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today."

Pass it on to the first person you see, and you will get your reward sooner or later.

M. L. C., '21.

Marion Cogswell.

Y. W. C. A.

The work of the Young Women's Christian Association is at last taking an important place in the school life. The meetings of the year have been very successful and well attended. It is especially gratifying to see so many Freshmen taking active interest.

The officers for the year are: Marion Cogswell, President; Ruth Shackett, Vice-President; Lucy Barker, Secretary; Carolyn Sefton, Treasurer. Miss Avery is proving a most capable and active advisor. Without her initiative help the organization would be unable to accomplish many of its undertakings.

Plans for the year's work are being completed and a very interesting program has been laid out. These plans cannot be carried out, however, without the full co-operation of the girls. The Y. W. C. A. is asking for this co-operation; it is needed and expected. Will you give your help, girls?

Hallowe'en Party

On the evening of October 30 Pinkerton Academy was well lighted; the cause was—the Hallowe'en Party.

On arriving in the hall, I stood with my mouth open. The hall was handsomely decorated with pumpkins, orange and black streamers, and spooky decorations.

The committee were dressed in black and orange dresses, and in my opinion looked very nice.

During the evening I noticed that the stage had been cleared, and I had a faint idea that something was going to happen. My faint idea was correct. Soon someone appeared in a pink dancing costume. Could she dance? Well, I can't explain it in mere words, but the amount of applause she got showed that everyone enjoyed Mavis' dancing.

During intermission ice-cream and cake was served. Ask the football men if it was good.

Mr. Emerson also might have something to say on the subject.

After intermission Mr. Foxall appeared on the scene and surprised us all by doing a wonderful Indian club stunt. He also received a good deal of applause.

As it came time to go to our respective homes, we all gave a cheer for '23, and I know we all meant it, too. Everyone agreed that it was a lovely party.

H. O'N., '22.

Helen O'Neil

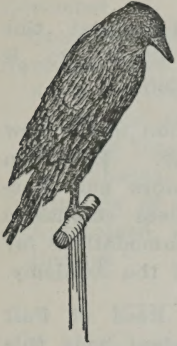
Bazaar

Listen, dear children, have you heard Of the big bazaar to be held on December third?

We'll raise money for the Y. W., Athletics and Endowment Fund. Everybody must certainly come. Ye lovers of music can't afford to Miss Galli-Curci or Alma Gluck. Ye theatre-goers will want to see Romeo and Juliet, too!

Fancy articles, pictures, useful Christmas gifts, food, home-made Candy and ice cream will be sold!

Caw! Caw! Caw!



Caw! Caw! Caw!

Well, well, children, it certainly seemed good to see you back, although I missed last year's seniors; but there are enough freshies to make up for them, aren't there? The day school opened I sat on the railing of the tower and watched the seemingly endless stream of tiny freshies come up the

hill. But they seem to be very well behaved children and are absorbing Pinkerton spirit very fast.

The very first Friday after school opened I saw the Seniors whispering among themselves, and I knew something must be up, so I watched them closely, and when I saw them all come up the hill with boxes under their arms, about six o'clock, I flew down into one of the waiting autos. I really didn't know what was going on until I heard them talking about corn, so I knew it must be the Senior Corn Roast.

Sure enough, it was! We went out to Ruth Day's and went up into a big pasture, and when it was dark enough we all ate corn and sandwiches, candy, toasted marshmallows, tonic and all the other good things that go with a corn roast. Then we sang songs and told stories, at which Rand seemed especially good (?); then went home, very happy.

Soon after that the Seniors gave their reception to the Freshmen. I wanted to go down the receiving line and meet the new teachers, but everyone was so busy that they didn't see me. All the freshies were led down stairs and green bibs put on them, in which they looked like little cherubs. My brother was rather cross when I got home, for he had a lame wing and couldn't fly down, and he hates to miss a good time.

One day not long ago I heard shouts back of the building and the beating of drums, so I flew down to see the excitement. I found a basketball game going on between the Pembroke and Pinkerton girls. The boys were dancing around the football dummy, which was hanging to a tree with the placard "Pembroke" on it; but the Pembroke girls won, in spite of the fine playing of the Pinkerton girls. I shouted myself hoarse telling them to guard "Duckie," but she proved too good for them.

Dave (that's my brother) and I have been to all the football games this year and we certainly were proud of our boys. We came to several victory dances given in their honor.

One Saturday morning I heard the funniest noises coming from room six. I investigated and found that an elocution class was going on. This was something new to me, as there never has been one at the Academy before; so I stayed to hear it all. Since then I haven't gone down to investigate the noises which I hear every Saturday but go as far away as possible.

Last Saturday night I came down into the assembly hall and was nearly frightened out of my wits to see skeletons hanging from the lights and heads without bodies grinning at me. I started back, but when I heard a lot of students coming, I got up courage and went in with them. I soon discovered that it was the annual Sophomore Hallowe'en Party, and they certainly made the hall look better than any Hallowe'en party I have ever seen. Witches danced along the walls, cats walked among the cornstalks, and a witch on a broomstick flew across the room; skeletons and jack o' lanterns finished the decorations. I cawed with pleasure at a dance by Mavis Fullonton and at the exhibition by Mr. Foxall with Indian clubs.

We were all given ice cream and cake, and also were given an extra hour to dance because the time was set back that

night. Then they all went home and I went back to my tower with a creepy feeling going up these backbones.

Well, children, there was a lot to tell you this time, so my letter has grown to quite a length. Be good, all of you, and study your lessons. Good-night, kiddies. I'll write you again soon. Caw! Caw! Caw!

M. L. C., '21.

Marian Cogswell

Current Events

- September 15. Fall term of the Academy opened, with the largest registration in the history of the institution. Three changes in the Faculty are recorded: Mr. Harlan C. Dyke, head of the Department of Agriculture, resigned to enter business; Mr. Hollie L. Whittemore, from the Faculty, attended 1912, was appointed to fill this vacancy. Mr. Maurice E. Wolbridge resigned to accept a position in the Bath, Me., High School; Mr. Alexander A. Gardiner, Brown University, 1914, was appointed. Mr. Gardiner was for three years a member of the Brown University football team and in the season of 1913 played quarterback. Mrs. Emma C. Pearson of the Art Department returned to her home in Evergreen, Colorado, and Miss Hazel Shuman, Malden, Mass., a graduate of Boston Art School, was appointed. The Academy is very fortunate in having so few changes in the personnel of its Faculty.
- September 17. Senior Corn Roast at the home of Miss Ruth Day. A very successful and pleasant party was reported.
- September 24. Reception by the Young Women's Christian Association to the new girls. Well attended.
- September 25. Pinkerton opened the football season by defeating Exeter High School, 12 to 0. The game was in the Academy field. A victory social was held in the evening.
- September 29. McDowell Recital this evening. Miss Martha Chase, '21, is president of the local club.
- October 1. Annual reception to the new students of the Academy. Reception was given by the Seniors and Faculty. Evenings like these emphasize the need of larger accommodations for the growing interests of the Academy.
- October 6. Hon. Milton Reed of Fall River addressed the student body this morning. Mr. Reed has traveled very extensively in foreign countries. His remarks were very witty, entertaining and instructive.
- October 6. Girls' Glee Club held its first meeting of the term.
- October 11. Critic Social at Academy Hall.
- October 13. Girls' basketball team had first game of season with the Pembroke girls at Pembroke. The latter won.
- October 21. Principal Horne and Mr. Whittemore from the Faculty attended the State Teachers' Conference at Laconia.
- October 22. School social this evening.
- October 28. Miss Gladys Bryson, Y. W. C. A. Secretary, here for conference with our Y. W.
- October 29. Address before the school by Miss Bryson.
- October 30. Hallowe'en social given by the Sophomores. The hall was appropriately decorated and an unusually good program carried out.
- November 4. Mr. Walter M. May of the State Board of Education spent the day at the Academy visiting classes.
- November 5. School social this evening.

November 8. Sophomores win from Freshmen in football game.

November 10. Our basketball girls win from Punchard girls, 12 to 6.

November 13. Principal Horne, Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Foxall attended meeting at Durham to arrange for the debating league. The question for debate chosen is: "Resolved, That the principle of the open shop should be maintained in all manufacturing industries."

A star is never lost
 We once have seen.
 We always may be
 What we might have been.
 —E. B. Browning.

This verse, written a long time ago, is just as true today. A star can never be lost we once have seen, and we always have a fighting chance to be what we might have been. Let me tell you how this verse helped one worn-out, discouraged man.

Let us suppose that in a little country town there lives an elderly gentleman and his son. The son has just reached his twenty-fifth birthday. He has been through one of the leading preparatory schools and graduated from one of the large New England colleges. For the last two years he has been in France, in answer to his country's call; but now he is at home. His father is overjoyed at seeing him. He does everything in his power to give him a good time, and the boy appreciates it, or seems to.

The townspeople all tell the father what a noble son he has, and the father is justly proud of the son.

But the time soon comes for the boy to begin his life's work. He must choose a vocation. The father is the president of the only bank the town affords. He, of course, takes it for granted that the boy will follow in his footsteps. He will come into the bank and learn the

business from the bottom up, and then will be in a position to fill his father's place when the time comes. The father doesn't want to hurry the boy. He must be thoroughly recovered from his dreadful experiences in France. He said that when the boy got ready he could start in with his work. Meanwhile he wouldn't hurry him.

But the boy had other plans for his future. "He just couldn't bear to stick around in this old burg all the rest of his natural life. No, sir! He would go to New York, where progress was possible, where all the great men of the world got their start. He knew what he was fitted for. He would go into the banking business. Of course he would have to start out on a small scale; but he was ambitious, and success would be sure to come to him. What chance would he have in his father's bank, even if he were president? The salary was only four thousand dollars a year. What was that in these days, where a man with a salary less than \$10,000 a year is not considered?

He dreaded to tell his father of his decision. "The governor has been white to me," he said; "but I've simply got to go. I must amount to something, and my chances are all in New York.

At last the time came; the boy felt that he could not put it off any longer. He must talk it over with his father.

Of course the father was greatly surprised and disappointed. All his plans for his son were sent glimmering. He talked with the boy and pleaded with him; but the boy was obstinate, his mind was made up. At last the father saw that nothing more could be said. The boy must pass out of his life.

Before he left, the father told him of the dangers of New York, of the lonesomeness which he would feel. Discouragements might come to him more than he could bear. His father told him to have courage, to keep his eye on a star, his ideal; and then he recited this little

verse to him, written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

A star is never lost
You once have seen.
You always may be
What you might have been.

The boy appreciated his father's advice and warning; but he sort of laughed at the verse. He was not poetic and hated to read anything written in verse. He didn't get a thing out of the four lines.

He arrived in New York in a drizzly rain-storm. Everything was damp, and the wind chilled him to the bone. It took him three hours to find a lodging-place, which was a hall bedroom with one window in it, looking out upon a narrow alley. Everything looked dark to him then.

"But in the morning things will look brighter," he said.

He spent the next day in looking for employment, and in ten days after reaching New York he found an unimportant job in a bank. He received ten dollars a week. After working for six months, and getting no advancement, he got a little discouraged; and after being there for five years, his salary had been slowly increased to twenty-five dollars a week.

However, the bank soon combined with another bank and the boy was dropped.

Of course he found employment, but the pay was lower. After ten years in that bank he was receiving but thirty dollars a week. After fifteen years in the same bank he became an assistant paying-teller at a salary of thirty-five dollars a week. He rose no higher. His shoulders had long since started to drop. He became an old man at forty-five. His ambition was gone. He was ashamed to return to his father. He often thought of him nowadays.

One evening he happened to recall the verse his father had recited to him the day before he left:

A star is never lost
We once have seen.
We always may be
What we might have been.

This time he saw the verse in its true light. He analyzed it. He compared the star to his ambition. When he was a boy he thought that his ambition was to be a success in New York, but really all the time he had wanted to be a success in his own home town—to be a comfort to his father and to have his father justly proud of him.

Oh, if he only dared to go back! But pride held him. He couldn't go back and say that he had been a failure.

But he repeated the verse to himself again:

We always may be
What we might have been.

He might have been a pleasure to his father in his old age, and he might have been a success. But could he now? Would those words hold true in his case? He did not even know whether his father was still alive. He couldn't quite make up his mind whether to follow the advice in these four lines or to continue his aimless existence.

That night he had dreams. Little voices seemed to say to him:

You may still be
What you might have been.

He couldn't shake them off. At last he could stand it no longer. He got up then and there and solemnly promised himself that he would go back. He would cast his pride aside and "be what he might have been."

That morning he went to the bank and told the man in charge that he was through. The man was dumbfounded. He expected that the boy would stay at the bank until death or else until he would be put on a pension. He noticed

a new light in the boy's eyes. His shoulders had unconsciously thrown back in their normal position.

The man in charge asked him "what had gotten into him?" The boy laughed and said that he had just begun to see himself. He winked at the man and passed out of the building. He packed what little clothes he possessed and started for the station. In about three hours he found himself on the railroad station platform of his own home town. He saw that the bank was still there; but it had changed some. Everything about it looked prosperous. The boy wondered if his father was still president.

He walked up to the teller and asked to see the bank president. He did not dare ask for his father. He was admitted into the private office. There sat his father; he was still the president. But the years had left their mark on him. He didn't recognize his son. The years had made a greater change in the boy than in the man.

The boy stood there for a full minute; his words failed him. At last he said:

A star is never lost
We once have seen;
We always may be
What we might have been.

Thus the father and the son were brought together. The remaining years of their lives were spent together happily for both of them. It is needless to say that the boy was a success and that the father was justly proud of his son.

O. A. R., '21.

Olau Rand

Alumni Notes

1911 Captain and Mrs. R. C. L. Graham (1911) announce the arrival of Sylvia Georgianna at Coblenz, Germany, on August 7, 1920.

1888 Miss Edna A. Clark of Washing-

ton, D. C., spent a few days at the Academy early in November. Miss Clark came north to cast her ballot, Tuesday, November 7.

1887 Robert L. O'Brien, editor and publisher of the "Boston Herald," delivered the anniversary address at Dartmouth College early in the fall term.

1917 Howard E. Clark entered the Freshman class at Dartmouth College in September. He was granted a scholarship.

1919 Archie Hepworth entered the Freshman class at Harvard College in September. Hepworth was quarterback of his Freshman Dormitory team, the team that won the championship of Freshman Dormitories. Hepworth was granted a Price Greenleaf Scholarship for this year.

1919 Francis I. Enstin is teaching school in Derry. He hopes to enter Brown University next year.

1919 Lorna Stockdale of Mount Holyoke College, class of 1923, won the prize for best work in Latin composition and sight reading in the Freshman class. Miss Stockdale was also one of the two selected from her class for the Freshman debating team.

1919 Ruth Reynolds entered Radcliffe College in September. Miss Reynolds received "honors" for the especially good grades received in the College Entrance Examination Board examinations in June.

1919 Helen Worledge was appointed instructor in swimming at the summer session of the Keene Normal School.

1920 The following members of the class of 1920 are continuing their education: Bryant & Stratton Business College, Miss Marion Aiken and Miss Edna Berry; P. G. work at Academy, Miss Eleanor Alexander, Loren Bailey, Miss Marie Barker, Albert Bolduc,

Sydney Garland, Miss Frances Hoyt, Miss Edith Lynch, Miss Ellen Mitchell, Miss Ruth Severance, Bernard Wasson; teaching school, Miss Marguerite Alley, Miss Ivilla Corliss, Miss Ellen Fortier, Miss Florence Garland, Miss Louise Maguire, Miss Ethel Hawley, Miss Hazel Plummer; at New Hampshire State College, Joseph Bradbury Bartlett, Jr., Wayne Condon, Aaron Goodrich and Roland Ranney; at Mt. Holyoke College, Miss Florence Carter; at Boston University, Charles Oak; at Billings College, Murry Dean Sanborn; at Radcliffe College, Miss Bertha Schultz; at Dartmouth College, Casper Whitney; at Massachusetts Agricultural College, James Lowell Williams.

1919 Miss Irma Alice Rogers is attending the Lesley Normal and Kindergarten Training School at Cambridge, Mass.

1917 and 1918 George Clifton Ray, '17, and Agnes Natalie Haseltine, '18, were married at South Braintree, Mass., on November 23. Mr. and Mrs. Ray will make their home in Londonderry.

The Boys' Glee Club

At the beginning of the school year some of the boys of the school were hoping to have a boys' glee club for this year. They asked Mr. Horne, and after talking it over with the boys, he said that he was willing for them to go ahead if enough boys would sign up for it. A few mornings after that, Mr. Horne handed

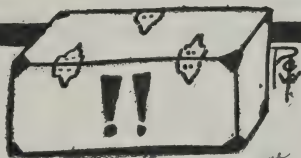
out slips of paper to be signed by the boys who wanted to join the club and would sincerely try to be constant in their attendance at the meetings. No one was sure how many boys would sign the slips, but when they were counted fifty boys had signed their names. This is a very good record, and we hope that all fifty of the boys will be present at every meeting. We had our first meeting November 16, during the first period. This meeting was for the purpose of organizing. The following officers were chosen: President, Goldsmith, '21; vice-president, Emerson, '21; secretary and treasurer, H. Bartlett, '23; librarian, Fitts, '21; assistant librarians, Morrison, '23, and Bogle, '22. Miss Cutts is our director and is willing to help us in every way she can. We appreciate this, and I feel sure that every one of us will show our appreciation by responding to Miss Cutts' wishes, thereby making her work easier for her. Lucy Barker has gladly offered her services to us by saying that she would be our pianist. She will have a lot of work to do at the piano, but we feel sure that she will be of great help. Miss Cutts, at our meeting, had us sing a hymn; then, by having us sing scales, picked out the bass and tenor voices, making but one separation the first day. There are a number of boys who, because of the change coming in their voices, will not be able to sing a tenor or a bass part, but there is a place for them, which Miss Cutts will assign later. We made a good start, boys, and everyone expects us to have a good glee club. Let's go to it with a spirit and make our conduct such at the meetings that will insure progress in our work.

C. A. G., '21.

Charles Goldsmith



GRINDS



Tommy Robinson
T. R. '23 (Eng. 3)—"I think A. P. '23, would win in the contest if the air was to be made blue with slang."

Mr. G. *Gardner*—"I think you'd ring in second."

Mr. G. *Gardner* (Eng. 2)—"What is a synonym for 'cold feet'?"

A. P. *Parsquet* '23—"Chilly around the ankles."

A. P. *Parsquet* '23—"Bowlegs are nearer arcs than angles!"

Mr. G. (Eng. 2)—*Albert Parsquet*—"A. P., '23, is so cute he is clever."

Miss M. *Monroe* (translating Latin 4)—"She hung from his shoulders."

Mr. R. *Rylands* (Alg. 1, explaining a new kind of example)—"You can't collect 'A' and 'B' any more than you can collect legs and chairs."

Pupil (aside)—"No, you can't collect them but you can connect them."

G. P. *Gladys Parker* '21 (to Mr. F. *Forsall* in shorthand exam.)—"Papa, is that a proper noun?"

Miss M. *Monroe* (translating Latin 4)—"These are fit rewards of praise."

H. E. *Hutton* '21—"Where did you get your fit?"

Wanted—A woman with one tooth to bite holes in doughnuts.

History 4 (M. Blake telling about the colonization of Virginia)—"A lot of the men died for lack of starvation."

Mr. W. *Whitman* (Agr. 3 and 4)—"Brown, what do you dip hen's legs in to exterminate mites that cause scaly leg?"

W. B. *Wheeler* '22—"Familiar hide."

Miss P. *Phummer* (chemistry)—"What are the properties of water?"

R. S. *Ryan* '21—"Water is an odorless gas." *(Buttischell?)*

Wanted—Man with wooden leg to mash potatoes."

Equilibrium is something in your head that makes you keep your balance. It is located in your ear.

Mr. G. ^{Ordinary} (History 4)—"If you must talk, whisper!"

Miss T. ^{Ordinary} (typewriting 2, telling about fixing the machines)—"Well, I've sent to Boston for a man, but I don't know whether I will get one or not."

Teacher—"You have been very naughty, and I am going to keep you after school an hour every day this week."

Loren B. ^{Ordinary}—"Well, I don't care for myself, but ain't you afraid folks will talk?"

The reason a man has so many more pockets than a woman is because his collar is so tight he can't put anything down his shirt-front.

Tenderfoot—"Why do they have knots on the ocean instead of miles?"

First Class Scout—"Well, you see, they couldn't have the ocean tide if there were not knots."

She—"I'd hate to be that man coming down with the parachute."

He—"I'd hate to be that man without it."

"Mother, may I a riding go?"

"Yes, my sweet Lucille;
But give your friend this sound advice,
Keep one hand on the wheel."

All forms of love, I know 'tis true,
Are bound to cause a quake or two;
But still I'm betting
The most upsetting
Is love in a canoe.

M. N., '24 (Eng. 1, talking about Edison's inventions)—"Edison invented the only thing that will take the place of a woman."

Mr. W. ^{Ordinary} (Agr. 3 and 4)—"What is tepid water?"
C. G., '21—"Weak water."

Miss T. ^{Ordinary}—"Class, be sure and get a vertical slant to your writing."

A. B., '20—"You know, I've studied so much I've busted my brains."

M. B., '20—"I should think you would blister your tongue talking so much."

Why are girls employed in watch factories? To make faces.

This Never Took Place at Glee Club Rehearsal.

Musician—"There are songs that have never died."

Eustis—"That is true. For the past six months and upwards my daughter has been trying to kill two or three, but they never, never die."

Eng. 2 (reading, "In the closest of all relations, that of love," etc.) D. K., '23, read it—"In the closet of all relations, that of love."

Mr. W. ^{Ordinary} (Agr. 3 and 4)—"How do we disinfect chickens?"

W. B., '22—"Powder the hens."

Mr. W.—"Don't you powder the chickens also? I've seen more chickens powdered than hens."

A little boy was asked to write a theme containing 250 words. "One day my uncle started out for town. His car broke down when he was just a little ways from town. This is about 20. The other 230 are what my uncle said on his way back home."

Mr. G. ^{Ordinary} (giving illustration in Eng. 2)—"Oh, wonderful door-knob, thou remindest me of the heads of some people."

Boy to Girl Playmate—"Whatcher think? A flea done gone up ma sleeve."

Girl—"Dat ain't nuffin; a sewing machine done run up the inside of ma dress."

I used to think I knew I knew
 But now I must confess
 The more I know I know I know
 I know I know the less.

Little words of wisdom,
 Little words of bluff,
 Make the teacher tell us:
 "Sit down, that's enough."

Miss T. ^{substantive} (in penmanship)—"I want you to strive for real round ovals."

Wanted—A woman to sew buttons on the third floor.

Mr. G. ^{andrew} (History 4)—"How long did George III reign?"

M. B., '21—"Why, until he died, didn't he?" ^{Blute}

Mr. G. ^{andrew} (giving an example of a sentence)—"The school is going to turn out for a celebration. Now, of course, it does not mean the school is going to turn wrong side out; it's the students."

Professor's Wife—"I read in the paper of a case where a man ran away with a girl. I would like to see a man run away with me."

Professor—"So would I."

She—"I wish I could improve my dancing."

He—"The feeling is mutual."

Mr. G. ^{andrew} (to class)—"Oh, hands of the clock, how slowly you move around the end of the period."

Bulldog for Sale.—Gentle; will eat anything; very fond of children."

E. L. ^{andrew}, '21 (French III)—"Veux-tu t'asseoir a moncote pour un petit moment?" "Will you sit on my hat for a minute?"

You can always tell a senior, he's so sedately gowned;

You can always tell a junior by the way he hops around.

You can always tell a freshman by his timid looks, and such;

You can always tell a sophomore, but you cannot tell him much.

W. F. ^{andrew}, '21 (Spanish II)—El pajarero arrebato la hebilla en el ebrano. "The bird grabbed the buckle in his ivory teeth."

Mr. H. ^{andrew} (reading theme in Eng. 4)—"I lay upon my bed trying to discover the moment when I would fall asleep."

Mr. G. ^{andrew}, Hist. 4 (told by class that Miss Chase was absent)—"Oh, is she? Well, you see I've lost my seating arrangement."

A. B., '22 (French 2)—"Je vais attacher la grise a la porte." "I am going to hitch the gray mare to the door."

"Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?"

"Just like my dad's, with a round hole on top."

Oh, Helen!

"A man on first and third," he said.

"Here's where we work the squeeze."

"Oh, Tommy dear, not right out here!

It is too public—please!"

The House's Story

- It was a stormy night in January. The snow and wind made everyone keep close to the stove. Outside, a man with his little dog was making his way through the storm, looking for shelter. It was a lonely road and no lights anywhere.

It was slow walking through the snow several inches deep and now a foot. The man was poorly dressed, unshaven and had the appearance of a tramp, but something about him seemed to speak of better times.

The two travelers plodded on until they saw a dark shape ahead. They made their way to this, hoping some kind-hearted person would take them in. As they neared the house they found it to be an old mansion that was just holding its own from falling down in the awful storm.

The man went to the door and tried it, hoping it would open easily, and so get out of that biting wind. It held, so he tried a window and found one that had the glass out. After putting the little dog in first, he climbed in and felt his way around and found a little furniture and to his surprise a bed with a little bed-clothing.

After he had shaken the snow off, he climbed in and tried to go to sleep. The little dog hopped in after him and cuddled close, to keep warm. As the man lay there, with the old house creaking overhead and every board and beam shaking from the violence of the storm, a voice seemed to speak.

At first it was a low mumble, and the man thought he was dreaming; but the voice grew louder until the man heard these words:

"I am an old, old house. I was built before the Revolution, when the white men and Indians fought, and ended with the white men winning. The man who built me was a general under Washing-

ton, and he had a wonderful family—three girls and four boys, every one a child to be proud of.

"When volunteers were called for to fight against the English, the father told his wife that the colonies needed him and he must go. Tearful partings were said and the father rode away.

"The boys watched their father with varying emotions; all wanted to go, too. A month passed by and the father came back and said that every loyal son of America should carry a gun and fight against the hateful English tyrants.

"To the delight of the four boys, they set out with their father to join the army. It was very reluctantly that the mother allowed the youngest to go, for he was only fourteen.

"Months rolled on and the mother and girls kept sewing clothing for the soldiers and did everything to add comfort to the poor men in the half clothed army.

"One day a man rode past and told the girls about a terrible battle that had taken place at Long Island and the British soldiers had killed many men and hundreds of others were captured.

"When the mother asked about their men they were told that the youngest had been severely wounded and it was doubtful if he lived and that the boy older was helping to get him home.

"Immediately the girls hitched up their only horse and started for Long Island, hoping to catch up to the wounded boy.

"A few hours later they returned and he was dead. There were no tears now, only sad faces, with determined looks to drive the tyrants from American shores.

"The next day he was buried, with a simple ceremony, and the third son started off for the army. More time went on and news of other battles came, but none came of the other boys being wounded or killed.

"Later came the news that the Americans were retreating on the same road

and they would be near home in a short time. The girls made ready to receive a large number of men, cooking and finding places for them to sleep, and you are lying on the same bed the general slept on that night."

For awhile the story seemed to stop and all that could be heard was the roaring wind and the snow beating against the house. The dog was trembling all over and drew closer to his master, and the master seemed dazed. Then the story seemed to go on once more.

"The Continental army camped all about me and the fires burned all night. The next day came the news that the English were only a mile away. The Americans began to form a battle line and find protection from behind trees.

"As the British rounded the curve and saw me standing in the clearing, they began hurrying faster, and hardly had they gotten out of the woods when the Americans began firing and the British began falling.

"Stray bullets imbedded themselves in me. I didn't care, if they only avenged the death of the youngest boy. The British were falling so fast I couldn't count them. Then the colonists came out from behind their hiding-places and hardly an Englishman escaped, but the next to the oldest boy of my family had been hurt.

"They brought him in and took care of him and found his left leg would have to be amputated. It was a sad sight to see the poor boy lie there, never murmuring or showing any signs of pain as they took it off. He was one of the brave men who freed this country for you.

"The American army passed on, and then came the news of victory after victory; and finally the news of the English army boxed up in Yorktown, with no chance of escape. With this report came the news that the youngest boy living had been captured, spying in the enemy's camp. It was sad news, for he had the papers on him that proved him a spy, and hardly any hope of his being freed.

"A few days later a man rode by, yelling, 'Cornwallis has surrendered. There was a quiet rejoicing, yet the memory of the youngest and the one who had lost his leg saddened the occasion.

"About a month later the oldest son, with his father, returned and when asked for the other boy, was told he had been shot before the firing squad. As the war was practically over, the boys stayed at home, while the father went back to his command.

"Two or three weeks later a ragged-looking man walked up the road and knocked. A girl went to the door, gave one look and screamed. The rest of the family rushed to her and then looked at the man. It was the boy who was to be shot for spying.

"When his story had been told it was found he had escaped about an hour before they called to lead him out, and it took a long time before he could try to get out in the open without being seen. Then peace was signed and the father came home and the girls were married.

"Those marriages were jolly times. I was turned nearly upside down by the guests. I didn't care; the war was over and a good man for President made me feel like walking right off from my foundations.

"Years rolled by and many little children have played in my halls, and now I am going by. Ten, twenty, twenty-five years have I stood now, and you are the first person I have sheltered. I somehow feel you will be the last."

With a start the man woke up. The sun was shining in the broken window. The man got up and climbed out the window, but found the wind was still blowing; but he decided to go on, the little dog following in his tracks.

Behind them they heard a slight noise; turning, they saw the old mansion waver, then fall to the earth with a loud crash. The prophesy had been true. They were the last to stay there.

Howe
H. A. E., '21.

Appearances are Deceitful

It was a warm morning in August. Jack Lynn sat at his desk at the office putting down his work accurately, but his mind was far from it. He and four of his chums had planned to take their girl friends canoeing on the river that afternoon; but, at the last minute, Jack's girl friend was to be out of the city. When the other fellows heard this they were, of course, sorry, and each was glad that it wasn't his own misfortune. But Jack told them to go, just as they had planned. He complained of a headache, but secretly he resolved to show them that his good time would not be spoiled by one girl and that he would get a girl and a canoe for that afternoon.

This morning as he was adding up the figures on his neatly arranged books he was wondering just how and where he could get the girl and "put one over" on his companions.

At noon, when he went out to lunch, his mind was still on the same subject. As he was going through the park he came across a dainty parasol on the walk and as he picked it up he saw a girl running towards him. She seemed very friendly and thanked him for his kindness. She had been sitting on one of the benches and had walked on, forgetting her parasol, which had blown across the walk, she explained. The girl was very attractive and stylishly dressed and seemed in no hurry to go on.

As Jack talked with her, a sudden thought came to him—this girl might go canoeing with him. He lost no time in asking her, and all at once she became very shy, but finally consented to go with him; and although she would not give him her address, promised to meet him at the park at the time he chose. She gave her name as Phyllis Ainsworth.

Jack hurried on to lunch, full of glee, and later went to his rooms to get ready for the afternoon. He simply couldn't

keep this girl waiting for him. How he chuckled to himself as he thought of how the fellows had pitied him; he would show them the best-looking girl in the bunch.

At the appointed hour he hurried down to the park and found Phyllis looking even more fascinating in a different costume. Jack felt so proud when he came to meet the rest of his friends. He tried to be very matter-of-fact in introducing Phyllis, but he could not keep the joy from his face. His chums all smiled very pleasantly, but Jack did not like their smiles; there seemed to be something behind them, he could not tell what.

Very soon there were five more canoes seen on the river among the already large number. This was just the kind of a day for canoeing, and the young people seemed to realize it.

As Jack paddled slowly along the side of the river, it seemed to him as if all the men in the other canoes glanced at him as if to say, "Lucky chap!" Phyllis was a very good talker and they kept up a lively conversation all afternoon, only Jack could not induce her to tell him a word about herself.

When it came time to leave the river, Jack felt that he had had the most wonderful afternoon of his life. Phyllis would not allow him to take her home because her mother did not approve, she told him. So Jack, with many thanks, left her in the park and hurried along alone.

That night as he was thinking it all over in his room he wondered just how many hours he had spent on the river, but as he put his hand in his pocket to draw out his watch—it was gone! He couldn't imagine how he could have lost it. He was still puzzling over its strange disappearance when he discovered that his weekly pay envelope, which he had received that noon, was also gone. He became very much alarmed at this, but it was too late to do anything about it that night.

Early the next morning Jack, thinking he might have dropped the things in the canoe, hastened down town. On the corner he stopped to buy a paper and as he was looking over the headlines on the front page, he was attracted by these lines—"Girl Arrested for Shoplifting—Gave Name as Phyllis Ainsworth." Jack stopped and read the lines over once more, and then he turned slowly around. Why go to the boathouse now?

He went to the office as usual. His mind was full of the incident of the previous day. He not only thought of the watch and money; that was only half of the disappointment. He could not help thinking, "Appearances are surely deceitful."

H. W., '21.

in his hand when he looked upon the wall and saw a big motto, which read, "Thou shalt not steal." He knew what that meant, so he started to put the pie back on the plate, when he glanced to the other wall and read another motto: "God helps those who help themselves."

Bobby ate the pie and tried to make himself believe that he did right because the second sign explained; but he had a hard time that evening to make his mother understand his viewpoint of the sign.

I believe I am safe in adding that he will not help himself to pie again without first consulting mother. By experience he learned that there are two sides to every quotation.

R. E. S., '21.

Bobby's Temptation

Bobby was a very mischievous little boy, and he was "all boy." He loved to watch the big boys play football and baseball, and he was determined that some day he would also play those games. But neither football nor baseball was in his mind at the time of my story. It was Saturday and cooking day, he fully realized this; and his mother had gone away.

Why is it that thoughts will come into your mind and you can't help but think of them? If you had asked Bobby, he would have shaken his little head, for Bobby did not understand. He tried not to think of those lovely pies his mother had made that morning, but in his mind he could even see them on the shelves.

He knew very well what was wrong and what was right; his mother had often told him, and he knew very well, to touch one of those pies would be wrong. But the temptation was too great, and at last he went into the pantry. As it happened, one pie was all cut, and he had just got one good, big piece safely

Cheerfulness

Cheerfulness, although we do not always realize it, is one of the most dynamic powers of life. It is a habit which, if cultivated, proves to be one of the greatest fortunes an individual can possess. The great writer, Lytton, said: "If there is a virtue in the world at which we should always aim it is Cheerfulness."

How happy is the man who has learned to get happiness, not from ideal conditions, but from the actual ones about him! The person who has mastered the secret of content will not wait for conditions about which he has often dreamed, will not wait until next year or the year after, when he has become rich, but will make the most out of life today, and as it is.

Cheerfulness is a virtue which we can always carry with us, in our work and in our play. The man who makes the biggest success of living is the one who has learned to carry a smiling face and a cheery heart into his business life. This kindly disposition and cheerful manner and a desire to create a pleasant feeling

and spread good cheer among those with whom he associates makes the work turn out easier and better.

There is nothing but ill fortune in a habit of grumbling. If you dislike your position, complain to no one; fill the place as it was never filled before and show that you are truly worthy of better things. Express yourself in this manner as often as possible, for it is the only way that will count.

None of us have ever found the world quite as we would like it to be. If the work needs doing and you can do it, never mind about the other one who ought to have done it and didn't; do it yourself, but don't grumble about it. Do it cheerfully and you will find that it is not really hard work but good fun.

Many people sing at their work and find that by so doing they are easing their load. Sing while your work is the hardest and see what happens. You will forget your weariness, forget your trouble, and find that your tiny ray of sunshine has enlarged and is brightening the darkest of days. Let us say with the great Carlyle: ". . . oh, give us the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its power of endurance."

A sunny disposition is also conducive to good health. A high medical authority states that "excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary food, habitual bad lodging, sloth and intemperance are all deadly enemies of human life, but they are none of them so bad as violent and ungoverned passions," and that "instances are very rare in which people of irascible tempers live to extreme old age."

We should also consider our sense of humor. People differ very much in that

phase. As some are deaf to certain sounds and blind to certain sights and colors, so there are those who seem deaf and blind to certain pleasures. What makes you and I laugh will not move them at all.

Is it not worth while to make an effort to see the funny side of our slight annoyances? Everyone likes a man who can enjoy a laugh at his own expense. If you laugh at yourself, other people will not laugh at you.

We forget sometimes that it is not wealth and riches that bring our happiness. Our homes should be the very happiest places in our lives. Some of the happiest homes, ideal homes, where intelligence, peace and harmony dwell, have been homes of poor people. One cheerful, bright and contented spirit in a home will uplift the tone of the rest. The keynote of the home is in the hand of the resolutely cheerful member of the family; he will set the pitch for the rest. How often we do not show our love by kind and cheery deeds, how often we fail to express our appreciation for the blessing of our home. It is the greatest secret of the happy home to express the affection that you really have.

Sydney Smith says: "To love, and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence."

In a time of trouble it is difficult for us to see much brightness in the world; even the sunniest disposition clouds over and often becomes sad under a weight of misfortune and sorrow. Perhaps in such a time, if we should remember the following poem, we could become brighter and better:

"Why don't you laugh, young man, when troubles come,
Instead of sitting 'round so sour and glum?

You cannot have all play,
And sunshine every day.

When troubles come, I say, why don't you laugh?

"Why don't you laugh and make us all
 laugh, too,
 And keep us mortals all from feeling
 blue?
 A laugh will always win;
 If you can't laugh, just grin—
 Come on, let's all join in! Why don't
 you laugh?"

Let us all practice the joyous habit of laughing. No harm can come from it and it brings to all so much comfort and good cheer.

One of the greatest mistakes of life is to save our smiles, pleasant words and sympathy for those of "our set" or for those not now with us, and for times other than the present. Now is the time for pleasant words, for smiles, for helpful deeds; we must look after our friends of today before we begin tomorrow's tasks.

He indeed is getting the most happiness out of life who does his utmost to find the good in man, to bring it to light and strengthen it with a cheery, helpful heart.

"Let's find the sunny side of men,
 Or be believers in it;
 A light there is in every soul
 That takes the pains to win it.
 Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
 And we perchance may wake it;
 Our hands contain the magic wand.
 This life is what we make it."

Caroline E. S.
 C. E. S., 21.

"All Aboard For Europe"

One day in August, as my friend Gwendolyn Ray and I were sitting in the drawing-room of her country home at Newport, she told me that in a few weeks she and her brother Bob were going to start on a trip to Europe in an aeroplane. She asked me if I would like to go with them, and as I had never been across the

sea, I told her that I would like to go very much.

One bright morning in the early part of September Gwendolyn and I put on our aviation suits and boarded the aeroplane which was to carry us to Europe in a day and a half. After we had seen that our baggage was safely fixed in another aeroplane, we started to go up, and before long we found ourselves high above the clouds. Bob and Gwendolyn had ridden in an aeroplane before, but as it was my first ride in one, it was all very new and interesting to me.

We had been sailing along smoothly for some time, when suddenly the engine began to knock and we could go no faster than twenty-five miles an hour. Our driver, who knew where we were, told us that we would be obliged to land and that he would leave us to guess for ourselves where we were. We began to descend and in a few minutes we landed in a large meadow, in the midst of a small village, which was inhabited by a very dark-skinned people, who apparently had never seen an aeroplane or a white person before.

Gwendolyn and I had no idea where we were, and while Bob and the driver were repairing the machine we decided to look around a little. We went into one of the low, thatched-roof houses and found an old woman in there, making dishes and contentedly smoking a pipe. She left her work for a minute and began to talk in her native tongue to a small boy who was sitting on the floor. He made some reply to what she said to him and then got up and handed each of us a dish made of clay, containing something which we had neither seen nor heard of before. We thought that we must eat it in order to be polite, and we found out that it was some kind of a dried melon and thought that it must be one of their native foods. We did not stay there very long but walked around the village. Some men were working in the sugar and wheat fields; the women were grinding corn and

making it into cakes, while the children played and talked among themselves.

We went back to the aeroplane and found that it was ready to go on, and as we were still wondering where we were, our driver told us that we were in Nainti, which was a very small village in Cuba. After we had eaten our lunch, we started on again and sailed all day and all night. The next morning when we woke up we could see no land at all, and although the sun was shining, it was rather misty above the clouds. About noon we began to go down, until we got a bird's-eye view of some village beneath us; and we soon found out that it was a small village in France.

We decided to go to Paris and stay there a week, or until we had seen some of the sights. We were pretty tired that night, and after we had hired rooms at the Hotel de Ville, we went to bed, in order to be ready to go sightseeing the next day.

In the morning, after we had had our breakfast, we got into an omnibus, which was to take us around the city. First we went to the Triumphal Arch, which is the largest arch of its kind in existence. There was a beautiful park and driveway all around the arch. There was a man there to tell us about it, and he told us that it was started in 1806 by Napoleon I, to commemorate the battle of Austerlitz, and that it was completed by Louis Philippe in 1836.

After we left the arch, we visited L'Opera, which is the largest and most beautiful theatre in the world. From there we went to Mont Saint Michel, which is a small island, a little to the west of Paris. This island was a regular city in itself and upon it was a very large monument, which is one of the most curious mediaeval monuments in the world. We were informed that this large building was originally used as a fortress, afterwards as a prison, and that it is now a monastery. After we had visited all parts of great interest, we went to the

poorer sections of the city, where we saw the way that the peasants lived. They appeared very indifferent and as if they never intended to change their mode of living in the least.

After we had been in Paris four days we decided to continue our journey, as we wished to visit England and Switzerland before going home. The next afternoon we arrived in the city of Venice. That evening we thought that we would like to take a trip up the canal by moonlight. We soon found that the method of traveling on the water in Venice was quite different than it is in the United States. We got into a large, queer-shaped boat called a gondola, which was operated by four gondoliers, who wore gaily colored costumes, just alike.

As we went along up the river, the gondoliers sang songs in their native tongues. When we were quite a ways up the canal, which we learned was the principal one in the city, we could look back at the brightly lighted city, which looked very pretty. We arrived back at the hotel at midnight, after having had a very enjoyable ride.

The next day we prepared for a trip to Mount Vesuvius. We went to the foot of the mountain and found that it was not unlike any other mountain. The guide told us that many people often went to the top, but we told him that the base was far enough for us.

In the afternoon we went back to Venice and looked the city over. The shops were queer, and most of them had draperies of very brightly colored silks; and the shopkeepers, who were mostly all women, wore brightly colored silk turbans. The peasant section of the city was much less attractive than it had been in Paris, the people being much less civilized. Neither the houses nor the inhabitants of them seemed very neat, and the children, no matter how small, could jabber just as fast as their mothers and older brothers and sisters could.

The following day we left Venice and

went to London, where we made only a short visit. While we were there we made a visit to Westminster Abbey. We found this church very beautiful as well as interesting, and there were many other travelers there besides ourselves. We heard the chimes of the Abbey, which are the most beautiful chimes in the world. While we were there, we saw the graves of John Milton, Chaucer, Addison, Browning and many other great men. We found London a very busy and prosperous city, although it was not quite up to New York in improvements and amusements.

We stayed in England only two days, as we wished to visit Switzerland before we went home. We found the Swiss a very neat, industrious people, and we learned that many of them were occupied in farming and goat-raising.

The second day of our visit in Switzerland we started early in the morning, took our alpine walking sticks and started climbing the Alps. It was very difficult climbing, and each person had a rope tied around his waist and had it attached to the one in front of him, to prevent each one from falling. When we reached the top of the mountains, we found ourselves high above the clouds. The mountains were snow-capped, although it was early in October, and our guide told us that the mountain peaks were covered with snow even in the summer. From the top of the mountains we were able to get a wonderful view of the surrounding country.

Two days later, we started on our homeward journey. We had enjoyed our visit very much, more than we were able to tell, and reached home without having any mishaps. Although we had had a fine trip, and had seen many wonderful sights, we all decided that America was plenty good enough for us.

arrived
M. R. B., '21.

Revenge is Sweet!

Once upon a time an old owl lived up in the top of a hollow tree. His name was "Hooty."

Now, Hooty had a baby owl, whose name was "Billy." Hooty loved Billy, and spoiled him, as any father is apt to spoil his only child.

Down in the bottom of this hollow tree lived a fox. This old fox was a sly one, and he just loved little owls.

One day Hooty was obliged to go away on business, and he told Billy to stay in his nest or the old fox would get him. Billy promised, and his fond papa flew away.

After the old owl had gone, the fox came out of his den and said, "Hello, Billy! Come on out on the big bough and talk to me."

"Oh, no," said Billy, "Papa said I mustn't."

"Aw, never mind what your papa says. Come on out," said the old fox. So Billy, although he knew he ought not, came out on the big bough.

"Oh, Billy!" exclaimed the old fox, "what beautiful wings you have! Do try to fly, so that I can see them."

So foolish Billy tried to fly. He fell to the ground and the old fox grabbed him up and ate him! And that was the end of poor, foolish Billy!

When the old owl came home, he cried for Billy; but no Billy could be found. At last he knew what had happened. After weeping a time he flew off to his friend Jack's house, and told him all about it. Jack promised to take his dogs and hunt the old fox.

In the morning Jack took his dogs, and mounted his horse, and hunted the old fox.

The old fox heard them coming. He stopped. Then he made off as fast he was able. He ran and ran, until his feet

grew sore. Then, just as he thought he couldn't run any more, he spied a hole in a hollow tree and crawled into it.

The dogs could not find him! And just as he thought he had ended the race, the old owl flew up with a "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" The dogs came to the tree and killed the old fox. They bit off his head and Jack cut off his tail. Then they went home.

The old owl looked down where the lifeless, headless, tailless fox lay—dead, and he laughed as he flew away with a "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!"

*Samuel
J. W., '19.*

My Trip to Pennsylvania

Last summer, about the twenty-fifth of June, I heard that the Mack Truck Company wanted to hire men to go to Pennsylvania to drive trucks back to Boston, so another fellow and I went to see them and got our names filed for the next crew to go. A day or two after, I got a telephone message, requesting that my friend and I should report to go at five o'clock. We went to the office and got number plates charged to us, and were told to report at the North Station for the eleven p. m. train. We got on the train and went to sleep and woke up the next morning in New York, changed trains and arrived in Pennsylvania about noon, went to the hotel and got accommodations for the night. We got our trucks ready to start early the next morning and left about six o'clock and drove until eleven o'clock that night, stopping just long enough for our meals. After getting a good night's rest we started again about seven o'clock the next morning and arrived home that night about six o'clock, being very thankful that we had, as the cushions in the trucks seemed to be getting hard.

C. E. C., '21.

A Laugh

Perhaps on first thought you will say that my subject is not a very deep one, but I am sure that after considering it awhile you will think it is worthy of your attention. Before writing this paper I looked in the dictionary to see just what the word laugh really means, for there are so many of our common words of which we think we know the meaning, yet the dictionary will give us many different shades of meaning, and often a definition of which we never dreamed. I found that Webster gave no less than seven different definitions for the word laugh. So a laugh might express almost any emotion—joy, cheerfulness, ridicule, sarcasm, contempt, even grief; for I found this old familiar saying, "To laugh out of the other corner, or side, of the mouth; to weep, to cry." This quotation from T. W. Robertson was also given: "That man is a bad man who has not within him the power of a hearty laugh."

I want to say that by "a laugh" I do not mean a giggle; neither do I mean the kind described as sardonic, nor the unkind laugh that seeks to make ridiculous and so wounds the feelings of others. I speak of a real laugh, that bubbles up from a happy heart, or is provoked by something worth laughing at. Perhaps you will best understand just what I do mean if I give you these lines from an unknown author, which suggested my subject:

"A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day.
It tips the peaks of life with light,
And drives the clouds away."

I do not suppose that many would try to contradict the statements made in those four lines, for we all know how much brighter the day seems when we greet it with a laugh, and when we find those with whom we associate in the

same mood. We know also that even the sunniest day is dull and gloomy when we feel ugly and cross.

It is easy to laugh when we feel happy and everything goes to suit us, but I wonder how many of us try to laugh when everything looks black and the world seems upside down. The first attempt may be a failure, but we will do better the next time, and the next, and we will soon find that the little verse which I quoted spoke truly. That a laugh is like sunshine because it can break through the darkest cloud.

A laugh is like sunshine because it brightens the lives of others, for it is as contagious as measles. If you laugh your companion will usually laugh with you, and he in turn will pass it on; and everywhere it goes it carries sunshine with it. When we realize how much good a laugh may do for us and others, should we not try to substitute it oftener for the frowns and impatient words that come so easily? Jean Ingelow says:

"It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God."

Some of our best loved literary men have been humorists, and they have done and are still doing a great work for their fellow-men. Things go wrong with us all, and everyone has his troubles and burdens to bear. Perhaps these troubles may be of a very grave and serious nature. Perhaps they may be the little daily trials and annoyances that get on our nerves and make us miserable. But whatever may be our grief, our annoyance, or our worry, who will not find himself laughing, or smiling at the least, if he spends half an hour with Mark Twain, or in reading Lowell's "Bigelow Papers," or "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," "Aunt Tabitha," "My Aunt," or "The Height of the Ridiculous," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. When he has finished, his troubles, whatever they were, will not have vanished by any

means, but they will not seem so big and heavy. The world will seem a brighter and better place to live in and he will have more courage to take up his burden again.

An unknown poet has said:

"A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart;
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart."

I have read that during the Civil War there were times when Abraham Lincoln feared that he would either break down or lose his reason because of the cares, worries and anxieties that crowded upon him. He had a friend who was great at telling funny stories, and, as you know, Lincoln always enjoyed a good joke. When the burdens of the great President seemed more than he could bear he sent for this friend. In listening to his stories and laughing at his jokes the terrible nervous strain relaxed, and Abraham Lincoln was able to again face, with a clear head and steady hand, the trying duties of his position. It is said that no man in the United States did better service for his country during those trying years than this same friend of Lincoln.

Why is it that many of our public speakers, when they have a very important message to deliver, will spend the first ten or fifteen minutes of their valuable time telling jokes? You might almost think that time was wasted, but the speaker knows it has been well spent. He knows that after his audience has laughed with him for ten minutes, it is in sympathy with him; he has its attention and he is sure that it will listen to the real message that he has to bring.

Some wise man has said that in the battle of life, as in the regular army, only a few generals and commanding officers are needed, but a great number of the rank and file. Possibly few of us may be able to make for ourselves a great name or accomplish great things in the world. We may be so handicapped physically, or

mentally, that even if we try our very best, we may fall far short of our ambitions.

But there is no one who cannot wear a pleasant face and who cannot send forth, much oftener than is his custom, a hearty laugh that will perhaps break through the cloud of another's unhappiness and carry courage and inspiration to someone on whom the burdens of life rest heavily.

You may say there are times when it would hardly be considered good breeding to laugh aloud. That is very true, but there are few places where, if a laugh is not in order, its near relative, a smile, can meet with no objection from even the most fastidious. My thought is beautifully expressed in the following lines:

"If any little word of ours can make one
life the brighter,

If any little song of ours can make one
heart the lighter,

God help us speak that little word, and
take our bit of singing

And drop it in some lonely vale, and set
the echoes ringing."

Not everyone has the happy gift of always saying the right word in the right place. Not everyone has the gift of song, but there is no one who cannot send forth a merry laugh, whose echo may reach, bringing with it a message of cheer, some dark corner of which he knows nothing. And if this may be said of one laugh, would it not be well for us to see that it is frequently repeated, each of us doing in this way our bit to make the world brighter?

W. J. D. 21.



**HONOR ROLL FIRST REPORT, FALL
TERM, 1920.**

Highest Honors (All A's)

Robert Godoy, '24
William Reynolds, '24

High Honors (All A's and B's)

Miss Barker, Gr.
Garland, Gr.
Miss Lynch, Gr.
Miss Severance, Gr.
Miss Bidwell, '21
M. Blake, '21
Miss Martin, '21
Miss Sefton, '21
Miss Shackett, '21
Miss Annis, '22
Reynolds, '22
Miss Bagley, '23
Miss Barker, '23
Miss Fullonton, '23
Miss Whipple, '23
Hawkins, '24
Miss Warren, '24
Norcross, '24

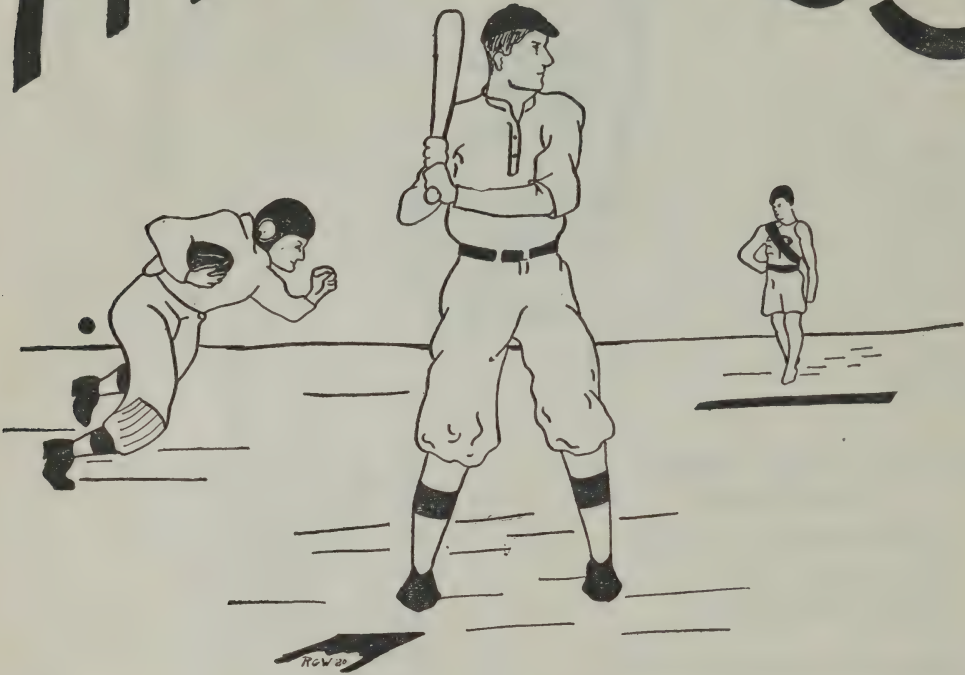
Honors (A's, B's and 1 C)

Miss Cogswell, '21
Miss Cohen, '21
Miss Sanborn, '21
Miss H. Sargent, '21
Miss Colby, '22
Dicey, '22
Eddy, '22
Miss Lupien, '22
Miss Cohen, '23
Miss Leighton, '23
Miss Martin, '23
Tappan, '23
Miss West, '23
Miss Worledge, '23
Miss Caron, '24
E. Johnson, '24

Honorable Mention (1 C, Rest B's)

Miss Dickey, '21
Fitts, '21
Koles, '23
Miss Sanborn, '23
Miss Clark, '24

ATHLETICS



Football practice started in earnest on the 17th of September, when the new coach, Mr. Gardiner, appeared upon the scene. He put the squad of twenty-five to work immediately. After about two weeks of good hard, steady drill, the first team lined up against Exeter High School. Although this team held our boys to a 6-6 tie last year, we defeated them 12-0 this year.

The following Saturday, October 2, the boys were badly defeated by Manchester, 63-0.

The team met a second defeat on Saturday, October 9. This defeat was administered by St. James High from Haverhill, Mass. They won, 18-0, due

largely to poor generalship on the part of Pinkerton.

About this time the squad began to diminish, so that at one time not more than fifteen were reporting for practice. After the defeat of Methuen High, however, on October 12, new members began to report and Coach Gardiner soon had a fair-sized squad reporting daily.

A game with Sanborn Seminary was scheduled for October 16, but they found it impossible to get a team together and were compelled to cancel.

The boys met an entirely new opponent on October 20 in the Essex Agricultural school from Hathorne, Mass. It was a hard-fought contest throughout,

but P. A. won in the last few minutes of play. The Essex boys were a fine, hard, clean team of players, and we hope to have them regularly on our schedule.

Coach Gardiner worked the squad hard the week following the Essex game, in preparation for the game with Dummer at South Byfield. The team showed the result of this in defeating Dummer on October 23, 7-0.

The boys continued their winning streak by defeating Punchard High the following Saturday, October 30, to the tune of 13-2. This was a big feather in the boys' cap, as this was the first defeat pinned on Punchard High in five years.

The next three games, with Holderness School of Plymouth, N. H., Portsmouth High School and Amesbury High, are expected to be very hard games, although the boys are confident that they will continue their winning streak.

The fine showing of the team is largely due to Coach Gardiner, who is extremely popular with the boys. He has been working hard to develop a winning team, but has been hampered by the lack of material although the boys are turning out much better now than they did the first of the season.

The girls' basketball team, after having been disappointed three years in succession, at last succeeded in securing opponents. They have met the Pembroke Academy girls twice, losing both games; but they showed such a marked improvement in the second game that great things are expected of them.

The Pembroke boys and Pinkerton second team also clashed on the gridiron. Captain Bloomfield led his warriors to a 32-12 victory over the Pembroke boys in the first game, but Pembroke won the second, 7-0.



Exchanges

Once again we are back to our studies and pleasures of school. We enjoyed the exchanges very much last year and hope to exchange with many of the same schools again as well as with new ones. We are pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges as old friends and hope, as the year continues, to have many more on our list.

The Alligator, Foreman High School, Foreman, Arkansas.

The Argus, Gardiner High School, Gardiner, Mass.

The Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

The Mirror, Pratt High School, Pratt, Kansas.

The Brewster, Brewster Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

The Sassamon, Natick High School, Natick, Mass.

High Spots, Keene Schools, Keene, N. H.

The New Hampshire, State College, Durham, N. H.

The Breccia, Deering High School, Portland, Maine.

The Tunxis, Winsor High School, Winsor, Conn.

The Bulletin, Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.

The Middlebury Campus, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

The Polytechnic, Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

The Bulletin, San Quentin, California.

The Red and Black, Roger High School, Newport R. I.

The Pep, Peabody High School, Peabody, Mass.

The X-Ray, Sacramento High School, Sacramento, Calif.

The Oceanic, Old Orchard High School, Old Orchard, Me.

The Criterion, Bridgeport High School, Bridgeport, Conn.

The Prospect, N. H. State Normal School, Portsmouth, N. H.

The Beacon, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

The Breeze, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.

The Vermont Pioneer, State Agricultural College, Randolph, Vt.

The Clara-de-Lix, Norwich High School, Norwich, New York.

The Enterprise, Mass. Hospital School, Canton, Mass.

COMMENTS.

The Alligator.—A very cleverly arranged paper with lots of wit. Come again.

The Argus.—A paper full of pep and the spice of life. The June, 1920, issue was exceptionally good. Keep it up.

The Megaphone.—A splendid paper and so inspiring. Just one suggestion—a few jokes would add to its attractiveness.

The Mirror.—A good "news" paper, but it seems as though the other departments of your school should receive more attention.

The Brewster.—Why not represent the other activities in your school life as well as your athletics?

The Bulletin (Lawrence High School).—Some good pictures, but your June issue was not up to your usual standard. We miss your exchange.

The Sassamon.—A more attractive cover design would greatly improve your paper. Why not have an exchange department, so we would know whether our paper is received, and if so, what you think of it?

The Breccia.—One of our most popular exchanges. Your exchange department certainly does you credit. "Who's Who in 1920" was a clever idea.

The Tunxis.—Some fine stories in your summer number. Our one regret is that you come but twice a year.

The Bulletin (San Quentin).—We always enjoy your fine articles, short poems and "Just Plain Nonsense."

The Red and Black.—A very "newsy" paper, but why not an exchange department?

The Pep.—You certainly live up to your name. Your paper is very attractively arranged.

Hen. Wilson
H. R. W., '21.

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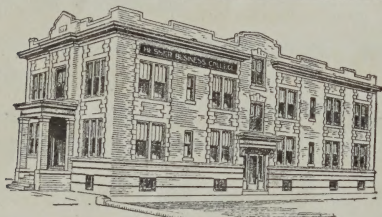


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